

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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Capital and Surplus \$100,000

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One-Half Million Dollars.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY WITH US
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

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From Cumberland.

June 21st.—Mr. and Mrs. Chesterman returned to their home in Lynchburg after a short visit to Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Booker.

Dr. Perry and daughter are visiting at the home of Mrs. Alan McRae.

Miss Margaret Davis was the guest of Miss Bessie Stuart Sunday and Monday.

Miss Rebecca Vaughan returned home Sunday after a short visit to Miss Julia Coffin.

Miss Elise Flippen left last week for a visit to her aunt in Martinsville.

Miss Fannie Foster returned home last Thursday after teaching for several months near Farmville.

Every one is looking forward to a base ball game next Friday between the Cumberland team and the traveling men.

From Crewe.

June 22nd.—The new National Bank building is nearing completion with its beautiful stone front, on which six workmen from Norfolk are busy, is attracting much attention.

The new Y. M. C. A. building is being built by a Roanoke architect, and will soon be well on the way.

At the late election A. L. Woody was re-elected mayor, Mm. Dyson, sergeant, with the following council: F. B. Oliver, C. E. Wilson, John Fitzgerald, J. W. Harding, E. T. Spence, E. H. Wilson, W. C. Davis, T. C. Woodson, G. V. Robinette. The newly elected council will take office on Sept. 1st.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church met with Mrs. W. J. Warriner Monday of the past week. Mrs. H. F. Henson was re-elected president, Mrs. W. W. Haskins treasurer, and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, secretary.

Mrs. Jane Robertson, one of our oldest citizens, died Sunday night and was buried in the Crewe cemetery Tuesday, the funeral services being conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. O. Rosser.

Capt. Wm. Sowers is very ill at his home on Pennsylvania ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Foster, who spent the winter and spring here with their daughters, Mesdames Hawkins and Tucker, have gone to Pennsylvania to visit a daughter for the summer.

The Verser-Rosser marriage which took place at Edgewood, the home of the bride, Wednesday, was attended by many friends of both from this town.

Mr. V. A. Riton is summering at Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ellett left on last Sunday night for Spokane. Mr. Ellett attends as a delegate the convention of rail road dispatchers.

Mrs. C. D. Shumate is visiting her old home at Ripplemead.

Miss Ida Blankenship is visiting Miss Alice Wilson.

Mrs. Traylor and Miss Tutwiler, of Richmond, are visiting Mrs. Wm. Dyson.

Mrs. Gamewell, an aunt of Miss Annie McKensie, has been spending some time with her at Hotel Oliver. She left this week for Farmville, and while there will be the guest of Mrs. S. D. Walton.

Sheep that have been chased by dogs never do quite so well afterward. Work hard to keep the dogs out.

There is more profit in a grunting pig than in a squealing one.

A durable roof, easy to put on is
ASPHALT It needs no painting—is very cheap
FARMVILLE MFG. CO., Farmville, Va.

THEODORE, JR., AND WIFE.

Colonel's Eldest Son and Bride,
Who Was Miss Alexander.



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Accused of Huge Frauds.

C. G. Wilson, president, and S. S. Bogart, vice president of the United Wireless Telegraph company, were taken into custody by United States Marshal Henkel at the company's office, 42 Broadway, New York city, and taken before United States Commissioner Shields to answer a charge of misuse of the mails.

The summonses were issued. It is understood, on information furnished by Walter L. Meyer, chief postoffice inspector; Frank A. O'Brien and other postoffice inspectors.

The United Wireless Telegraph company was incorporated in Maine to unify wireless interests. It has authorized \$10,000,000 in common stock and \$10,000,000 in 7 per cent preferred and participating stock.

Assistant United States District Attorney Stevenson requested that Wilson be placed under a bond of \$50,000, but the amount finally settled upon was \$25,000. A bond for \$10,000 was required of Bogart. Their hearing was set for July 12.

Chief Postoffice Inspector Meyer in a statement charges the officers of the company with a gigantic stock manipulation plan, declaring that the stock capital of the company, whose assets were about \$400,000, had been increased by an interchange of securities and that the price of these shares had been arbitrarily raised to such large amounts that the company at this time had an apparent stock market value of \$1,000,000,000.

Mr. Meyer states that one of the officers has cleaned up \$5,000,000. He says there are 25,000 stockholders throughout the country who have placed their money with the company on the representations of its officers that it had a surplus of nearly \$7,000,000, when as a matter of fact the company was failing to make operating expenses.

Lightning Wrecks Statue.

Struck by lightning during a severe storm, the statue of Father Matthew, erected by the Catholic Total Abstinents' Union of America at the east side of the big fountain in Fairmount park, Philadelphia, was demolished. The lightning, which was attracted to the statue by the wires of a withered wreath hanging from the arm of the great apostle of temperance, shattered the left side of the figure, while the head was cut off and hung by a shred of metal from the shoulders.

Farmer Dead on Engine Pilot.

Seated Upon the pilot of a locomotive and holding a sack of flour, the body of Charles M. Webb, a farmer, was found at Akron, O., on Wednesday. It is supposed the was struck by the engine while walking along the track and hurled into the air, falling upon the pilot.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

Faithful Carrier Indites Balm
Poems on His Rounds.

SURE CURE IN ALL CASES.

One Tells of the Boring of His Name—
sake—Farmer's Son Gets a Wife on
His—Gilman Incident Put in a Par-
lor Frame.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

AS I hadn't any mail for young farmer Tom Gray I had passed his house for four days running. On this fifth morning I found him loading over the gate with a grin on his face, and, lifting his hand for me to stop, he said:

"Poetry, Abe—got to have some poetry."

"But I'm behind time."

"You get down and come in or I'll hamstring your old horse."

"Anything the matter?"

"Come in and see."

All the time I wasinking a glass of hot cider and sipping a piece of



JIM SWIFT WINS WIFE WITH POEM.

mince pie his face wore that grin and he kept up a chuckle. Then he went to the bedroom door and called out: "Mother, bring out the prize winner!" And presently his mother came out with a bundle in her arms and a laugh on her lips, and I heard the squealing of a rat.

"No," said I, as I jumped back.

"To be sure. Look at him!"

"And named after you?" said Tom.

"Get to work on that poetry."

And I sat down and wrote:

He weighs ten pounds, his face is red.

And scanty is his hair.

He's toothless as a cabbage head,

And not a hat to wear.

His voice is like a crowing hen's,

His appetite is immense.

And when he gets his dander up

He's sure the present tense.

He's had the colic, and he'll have

The measles sure enough.

The chicken pox will wallop him

And mumps his temper rough.

But Honest Abe—named after me—

Is surely bound to go it.

He'll rise some day to lofty height

And be a country poet.

"Fine, fine, fine!" shouted Tom as he danced around with the kid in his arms.

"Lands o' massy, but Mary'll be up in three days now!" said the mother as she clapped her hands and returned to the bedroom.

Who would be a senator and hang around Washington when such things can be done to gladden the hearts of the sons and daughters of industry?

One For the Fellow in Love.

When I stopped at Farmer Swift's to band in his county paper the motherly Mrs. Swift looked at me for a moment in a puzzled way and then asked:

"Abe, can you tell when a man's crazy or when he's in love?"

"For sure."

"Then for goodness' sake go out to the barn and overhaul Jim the bired

man. He's mumbling day and talking in his sleep by night, and we are afraid he's going to try suicide."

I went along to the barn and found Jim leaning up against the fanning mill with the whites of his eyes rolled up. He looked like a calf that had been struck in the head with an ax.

"Come out of that!" I yelled at him.

"What—what's the matter?"

"You are in love, and you've got it bad."

"I deny it."

"Then you are a liar. I've had the disease over forty times myself. Who's the girl?"

"Josephine Schermerhorn," he said after a bit.

"Well, why don't you pop the question?"

"'Fraid to."

"Nonsense! Does she know you love her?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Then you'll tell her. I'll write something and you copy and send it to her. If she doesn't know that you love her you may be playing the fool for the next hundred years."

Fetching Josephine to Time.

Jim got me an old paper flour sack, and after I had smoothed the wrinkles out I wrote:

I love the name of Schermerhorn;

I love the name of Joe;

I love the tracks she leaves about

In mud and slush and snow.

I love her golden tresses, and

Those peary ears I love;

I love the eyes so big and blue,

Like angels up above.

From nose to shin I'm loving her.

At nights she haunts my dreams.

When splitting rails I think of her,

And she may think of Jeems.

Fair maiden, take my beating heart

And tread it under foot.

Call me a chump or other names.

Leave me alone to root.

Reject the love I give to thee,

My sighs ready with scorn.

Tell me to claw up paris green

As chaws the hog the corn.

Drive me to death by shot or rope

And laugh in fiendish glee.

But my last word shall be of love—

The love I'm loving thee.

The poetry was copied and sent to the fair Josephine, and what do you think happened? Why, she sent for Jim and asked:

"Well, why didn't you tell me this three months ago and save time? Of course I'll marry you!"

See? Just as easy as rolling off a log when you know how to fling the sentiment around and make it rhyme.

Rhyme That Hung in the Parlor.

They had a sorrowful circumstance at Farmer Gilman's, and when they had told me all about it I put it into a poem to be hung up in the parlor. It read:

Supposed Corpse Brought to Life.

Called in to lay out a supposed corpse, William Dietrich, an undertaker, of Greencastle, near Waynesboro, Pa., found signs of life in Miss Flora Hupert, a middle aged woman victim of an overdose of medicine. He summoned Dr. C. McLaughlin, who resuscitated the woman after two hours.

Thanked in the King's Name.

A letter from the secretary of King George of England was received by Rev. H. G. Hartman, of the local Trinity Episcopal church in Shamokin, Pa., thanking in the king's name the people of Shamokin for memorial services held recently on account of the death of King Edward.

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AS SUMMER APPROACHES

are you thinking of that

New Buggy or Carriage?

Don't fail to examine

The Best Made

which we keep in stock.

H. E. Barrow & Co.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

We had a bull—where is he now?—
We had a man named Sam;
We had a creek beyond the barn.
That creek it has a dam.

The ice upon the dam was weak
When Sam went out to slide,
But he'd no fear in his bold heart
As he did slip and glide.

Our bull was on the hill above
As Sam he did disport.
He gave a beller and a snort
And gayly did cavort.

But when a little time had passed
Something aroused his ire,
He pawed the ground an acre round
Until he did perspire.

And, careless of the peril great,
Sam slid and glid around
Until there suddenly was heard
An awful thunderous sound.

Down rushed the bull upon the ice—
A crash—a smash—a race,
And that 'ere Sam and that 'ere bull
Went down in fond embrace.

Oh, bulls a-pawing on the hills;
Oh, hired men named Sam,
Take my advice and keep away
From things that have a dam!

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the best.

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